

# Home Mission Echoes

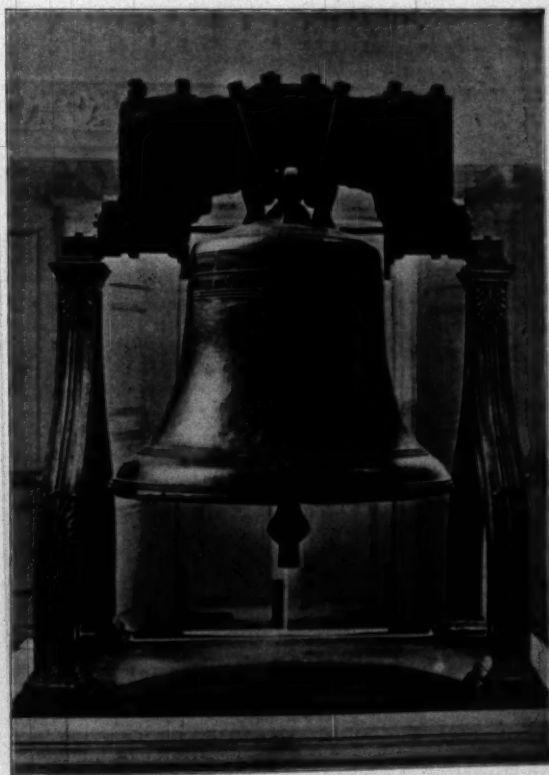
"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

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Vol. XI

JULY, 1908

No. 7



"Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

By PERMISSION OF THE PERRY PICTURES CO., MALDEN, MASS.

510 Tremont Temple  
Boston

## HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make an interesting and instructive Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features and illustrations. Mrs. N. N. Bishop is the General Editor, and will have entire charge of the Woman's department. Rev. Howard B. Grose, D.D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department. All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. N. N. Bishop, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

NOTE THE REMARKABLY LOW TERMS: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday-school Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

HOME MISSION ECHOES will be sent to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, when all arrears must be paid.

All moneys and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to GERTRUDE L. DAVIS, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

## Northfield Conference

THIS is the last notice that can appear of the Home Mission Conference at Northfield, July 16-20, 1908, inclusive.

Baptists are making history in these days, and the women of the denomination must see to it that they keep in the front ranks. This opportunity for larger vision and broader outlook at our very door beckons us imperatively. Let us not be disobedient, but avail ourselves of all it can give us of help and uplift. We hope many of our young women will plan to attend this conference. It immediately follows the Young Women's Conference and overlaps the Sunday School Conference.

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 DISTRICT SECRETARY FOR NEW ENGLAND. —

We are glad to give our readers this month the pictures of our new workers in Alaska, Rev. and Mrs. George A. Learn, and their daughter Margaret. Let us follow them with our prayers as they go to their new work.

We also present our missionaries, Miss Mathilde A. Brown and Miss Martha A. Conaway. Miss Brown works especially among her own people, the Swedish immigrants, although her ministry includes many from other races.

Miss Conaway gives her time to the Italians, among whom she has found much service for her Lord in Connecticut. Now Massachusetts and Maine have claimed her care and visitation.

Our missionary hymnology has been greatly enriched by the addition of "Home-land," a hymn written by Mrs. Lemuel Call Barnes for the annual meeting in Worcester. We were unable to give our readers the privilege of looking into the face of the author last month, but rejoice that we can do so at this time.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society gratefully acknowledges the gift of a fine clock, for the Orphanage at Wood Island, Alaska, from the Sunday School Workers of the Baptist Church, Waterbury, Conn.

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# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. XI.

JULY, 1908

No. 7

## Editorial

EVEN in what we popularly call the "strenuous life" of today we cannot fully realize the tense attitude of the nation in the early days of July, 1776. Particularly in Philadelphia, where the Continental Congress was in session, feeling ran high, and the result was awaited breathlessly. But at last, above the tumult and excitement, was heard the sound of a bell proclaiming "liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," and the joy and demonstration leaped all bounds, for a new era was begun in the thirteen colonies.

Today, in the one hundred thirty-second year of the independence of our republic, we stand face to face with problems as grave as those of the pre-revolutionary period.

Early in our history, Governor Winthrop said: "This country belongs, not only to the settlers, and the children and grandchildren of the settlers, but to every law-abiding citizen who is willing to honor God, and work for his living." And into this land have come all the races of the earth, and the question of "exclusion or inclusion" forces itself upon us daily and afresh. We may not claim the wisdom and farsightedness of statesmen and diplomats, but it is not new in history for women to make upon nations an impress that shall be felt through all time.

As the women of 1776 were faithful in their day and generation, so the women of 1908 are ready for their task, which is not to be done "by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord," and the purpose of all our work is, that those who come to us may not be excluded from the message of the Gospel, but, being included in God's great plan of redemption, may here learn of the "liberty wherewith Christ shall make them free," and may stand fast therein, "not being entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

Is it true, as we have heard recently stated, that the Chinese who come to this country "return greater heathens than when they came"? In contradiction to this statement we would cite the splendid, but necessarily limited work of Miss Stein and Miss Willisie. Eternity alone can reveal all that these noble workers have accomplished in the many Chinese who have been transformed. Have you ever tried any "close range" missionary work with

these same despised people? We remember a very small attention (the simple giving of a few choice pears in the early autumn), and lo, at Christmas time a gift from them recalled that which they had remembered all the time. Shall not the Chinese, excluded from our liberty, be included in our prayers and loyal support?

Freedom for our nation, as for all nations of the earth, can come in only one way. "If the Son shall make them free, they shall be free indeed," and it has been given to us to publish the word. "We are not here to play," to toy with phrases, but so earnestly to include "even the least of these" in our efforts, that none shall be excluded in that day when He "comes into His kingdom."

## On the Other Side

A weaver standing at his loom one day  
Wrought with uncertain hand some strange design.

A tangled mesh it seemed, line blurring line,  
Unsuited contrasts — warp and woof astray.  
Sometimes he paused, and pushed his work away.

"The task is hopeless," said he, and he sighed,  
But patiently resumed; and one by one  
The broken threads were mended. When 't was done  
He turned the frame, and lo! upon that side

A radiant light his startled eyes did greet.  
What seemed confusion had been hidden law,  
And the designer's dream as last he saw  
Resulting, lovely, perfect and complete.

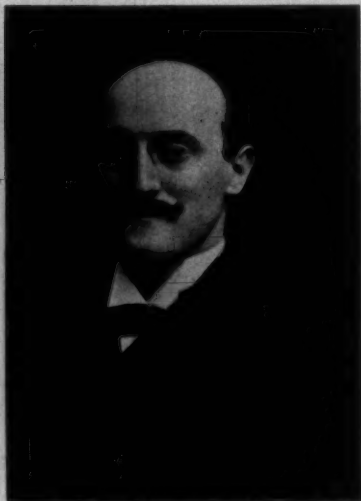
Like that old weaver, troubled, faint with fears,  
We weave the fabric which we call our life;  
And our ignoring fingers through the years  
Hold most incongruous threads — hard-knotted strife,

Broken ambition and entangled love,  
Faint hope, contrasting with intense despair,  
Dark hues of sorrow — all of these are there,  
But when the day shall dawn on heights above,

Some gracious light upon our work may shine,  
Revealing clearly how the Master's hand  
Guided harmonious each discordant strand,  
And from the human fashioned the divine.

—Selected.

## HOME MISSION ECHOES



REV. GEORGE A. LEARN  
SUPERINTENDENT KODIAK BAPTIST ORPHANAGE  
WOOD ISLAND, ALASKA

WE are grateful for the kind words that have come to us from the brethren in the denomination commending the proposed union of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. We quote from the *Home Mission Monthly*:

"It is long since we have chronicled an event more prophetic of good than the action of the boards of the Women's Societies looking to a union of the two Home Mission organizations, in cooperation with the Home Mission Society. Not since the organization of the woman's work, thirty years or so ago, has there been a better thing done. There is nothing to be lost, very much to be gained, by this union, which will undoubtedly be effected in the autumn. We congratulate the denomination upon this step, and congratulate still more the leaders in this movement, who have been divinely led to such a wise and sound conclusion. The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, with headquarters at Chicago, and with its districts well officered, as they will be, should do a large and valuable work for the extension of the kingdom of God. Blessed be the day of consolidation and cooperation in our missionary work!"

The proposition was cordially received at the annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society in Oklahoma, and that meeting adjourned to meet on the same date as that to which the meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society was adjourned.

Let us urge upon our women the necessity of continued and earnest prayer that in all things the will of the Lord may prevail to the end that His Kingdom may be extended through the whole world, "beginning at Jerusalem."



MRS. GEORGE A. LEARN  
AND MARGARET LEARN

Lord, help me live from day to day  
In such a self-forgetful way,  
That even when I kneel to pray,  
My prayer may be for others.

Help me in all the work I do  
To ever be sincere and true,  
And know that all I'd do for you  
Must needs be done for others.

Let self be crucified and slain,  
And buried deep and all in vain  
May efforts be to rise again,  
Unless to live for others.

And when on earth my work is done,  
And my new work in Heaven begun,  
May I forget the crown I've won,  
In thinking still of others.

Others, Lord, yes others,  
And none of self for me.  
Help me to live for others,  
That I may live like Thee.

—Selected.



## HOME MISSION ECHOES

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### "Peppercorns"

[One of our bright women has culled the following from the address of Mrs. G. D. B. Pepper at the annual meeting in Worcester. —Ed.]

ONE man, when he had finished some big work to which he had given time and thought used to say, 'Now that is behind me. I can breathe and sit down.'

"I knew another, who was so happy to get the work done and so satisfied with the doing, that he would rub his hands and look about, saying, 'Now, where is my next job?' There is the difference. We are not *done*. We are in the way of *doing*. What is the next thing?"

"Learn — be intelligent in your work. Go — or send your hired man. Pray!"

"Sow the seeds of information. Tell the facts, little particular facts, and wide-reaching general facts, sometimes appalling facts."

"Mr. Moore said the other day, 'that in some churches, missions seemed to be a side issue, and outside at that.'"

"We have so many stones and snags in our fields, old resinous roots in some parts, so many modern institutions in others, that distract the eyes, mind and time of the workman. The real steady worker has to be deaf, dumb and blind to about half the modern demands."

"Let's look over the hedges into the fields where the missionaries are sowing, in all sorts of ground, the seed springing fast; the call for more laborers, tillers and reapers. Look over the hedge into the ministrative field —



MISS MARTHA A. CONAWAY  
OUR MISSIONARY AMONG THE ITALIANS

the voice of prayer rising — calling to God for wisdom, for money, for helpers! Then *they* look over into our field of the churches and call over to us: 'Do not falter, work on — such a harvest is ready. We need your help — strong help.'"

"The choice garden spots in our church fields, the Young Ladies' Circles. The dear girls don't know themselves yet. It is a case of 'Tabitha, arise!' Some one must show them all the kingdoms of the earth — don't leave it to the devil."

"Boy and Girl Bands — a hotbed in a sheltered place. My! how it grows, young and thrifty, all from such small beginnings; a child or two, then 4, 16, 32, to be tended and cared for, and later to be transplanted for larger growth."

"Then again we have seed planted in sunny kitchen windows, where the air is warm, or up in cosy nursery windows. The most delicate and precious seeds are put there. These are the blessed baby bands, warm and sheltered in the praying mothers' arms. Young mothers are a guild to be considered."

"The very best workers in our church gardens. Leave out the woman who makes out a program for an afternoon meeting over the telephone the same forenoon. Have an eye on the finances. Mix your business with your religion. Strange diversions of money occur among good people."

"We love the old, but we do not hold all the new in disdain. Our dear old trees will have to be enriched and



MISS MATHILDE BROWN  
OUR SWEDISH MISSIONARY

Continued on page 13

## Pointers

[We want helpful suggestions of what you have done for this column regularly. — Ed.]

**J**UST a word to all interested in Sunday-school work for missions. A little work done by a class of twelve girls, from nine to fourteen years of age.

It was nearly vacation time, when we began our work. Each girl was given a French needlework doily to embroider, and five cents to make grow into one dollar. September first the doilies were finished and twelve dollars ready for treasury. In September we began our sewing meeting every Saturday afternoon, from two till five. Holders were our first work; one hundred were made and ten dollars more added to our funds. Then began our plans for our mission sale; all kinds of inexpensive, useful, fancy articles were made.

The Sunday-school room was decorated with flags. Our mission motto, "The World for Christ," placed over the platform. We invited the church to be our guests. The girls with the help of their teacher had arranged a program of music and recitation. The pastor offered prayer, and a friend from a sister church closed with a Mission selection from *Ladies' Home Journal*, August number. Four tables — Cake, Home-made Candy, Fancy Articles and Literature — were covered during the rendering of program; when these were removed a pretty picture presented itself, the girls dressed in white, with blue ribbons, the class color, blue badges printed in gold, with the name of the class, "Sunshine," and the class motto, "Carpe, Vrain."

The girls were the salesladies, their brothers the cash boys. Everything was conducted on the plan of a first-class store, with a cashier and package room. Souvenirs were given at the door of the Sunday-school room. At the close we had fifty-two dollars and fifty-one cents in our treasury. Later, at private sale, the amount increased to sixty-four dollars and eighty-six cents.

In March we made and sold one hundred and sixty-five rabbits, realizing, after paying for material, seventeen dollars and five cents. Three Mission clocks have been filled from our monthly collections. Each girl has a Mission corner in her room, and, as you will see, all have the *Echoes*. The Sunday-school class is well sustained, and two have been received from it for baptism. Are planning for a bag sale in June, and if we reach the one hundred dollars this year, the amount aimed for, you may hear from us again. The teacher is anxious to make all-round Mission workers, and has planned accordingly. The work has all been a pleasure and blessing to both teacher and scholars.

A. W. S.

"Life does not give its best to us until we have given our best to life."

"Our lives must be either for the glory of God or for the gratification of self."



MARY CLARK BARNES

## From Porto Rico

**A** POURING rain keeps me at home this afternoon, when I should have walked out to Machuelo, a suburb of Ponce. I have a class of children there on Friday afternoons, for Bible study and singing and sewing.

The little folks themselves would not stir from their homes in this rain, so I have settled down in the sitting-room for writing a letter to *Echoes*. Herminia is practicing diligently on the little organ, and Matilde is studying in her room.

Ponce has been so hot and dry for many months that this rain has come as a benediction, laying the dirt of the streets and cleansing the fetid air. Our little city is quaint and pretty, but under the present municipal management the streets are quite abandoned to filth and evil odors. If the bubonic plague reaches us it will find many conditions favorable to its progress.

Since I wrote last there has been much of interest in our work. For a month, however, I was away in Coamo, where I expected to spend a few days with Mrs. L. E. Troyer, who was sick. She needed me longer and I planned for my work at home, so the few days ended in exactly a month.

The change to a houseful of people after the quiet of the Ponce cottage was good for me, and I was glad to be able to help the Troyer family a little in their leaving for the United States. But I regretted very much not being in Ponce when the Home Mission Society's representatives passed through. I saw Dr. Barnes and his

sweet wife, of Worcester, and Mr. Devine, for a few minutes, as they stopped in Coamo on their way. I had planned to show Mrs. Barnes something of what we are doing in the homes, by taking her on a round of visits in Ponce, and had hoped for more than a few moments of quiet talk with her. But these disappointments come all "in the day's work," and she lost much less than I did.

Since returning to Ponce, I have gone on as usual in class work and visiting. On Sunday evenings, before the church service, I have now a class, with one of the younger sisters, for instructing candidates for baptism. Many of these are young girls who take part in the women's Monday meetings, and are earnest Sunday-school students. They need special instruction, however, and as they express their simple thoughts and offer prayers in this, their own little service, we can judge something of their readiness for baptism.

Last week was given to a visiting campaign among the Sunday-school children. Having so much of a different kind of visiting to do, I must sometimes neglect this phase of the work, which is one that repays effort more than any other. I wish you could see the bright eyes of the restless little creatures who come every Sunday to the Bible school.

On a recent Sunday we had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Fuller of Wellesley Hills, Mass. They were interested in the school and all the work, and, before leaving Ponce, Mr. Fuller made a welcome gift to my work which has been expended in buying four collection plates for the church and Bible school.

Since I wrote last, the beautiful new Baptist Church in San Juan has been dedicated. I have not yet seen it, for I could not go to the dedication, but the picture in the *Home Mission Monthly* for May gives you, and me also, a very good view of it. Mr. Rudd, General Baptist Missionary, says that the new house has already given a new impetus to the work in that difficult field.

I have been interrupted while writing this letter many times, once by a youth who made me think of the repentant prodigal son. From events in his past history he has claims on my interest and sympathy, and when in trouble he always comes to me. He lives with a missionary of another sect in the country, and his restive spirit caused a break in their relations a few days ago. Last night he came to me footsore and weary after tramping many miles over the mountains about Adjuntas and Jayuya, expressing a desire to be educated at some seminary in order that he might be a preacher, but giving me no hint of the unpleasantness between himself and his old friend.

This afternoon he returned broken down with repentance. I think he has found some husks to eat in these days, but his chief trouble was his sense of having shown ingratitude to Don —. He asked for pen and ink, and sat down at the dining-room table to write a letter of repentant confession, while I kept on with this letter. Presently he came in, crushing the sheet in his hand.

"I cannot write, Doña Juanita," he said, "I must go,

right away, and tell him myself. I can never be happy away from that home."

How glad I was that he had come to his right mind! "Yes," I said, "you will arise and go to your father and tell him you have been wrong."

He went off a little later to begin his hour-and-a-half tramp into the hills to find his home again. His repentance was very real, for with tears in his eyes he said, "I have learned everything from them, and I want to go back and be with the little church where I belong and be faithful."

There is something simple and touching about the receptivity to the truth shown by some of these people. A woman who has just come to Ponce to live, a member of one of our other churches, heard a temperance sermon preached last Sunday night by a young brother. After the service she was taken ill on the way home, and became very faint. She told me afterward that as she rested in a doorway a lady came out and offered her brandy, but she remembered what she had just heard about the evil of taking liquors, and declined.

"And the faintness passed, and you were able to come home," I said to her, "and just as well as if you had taken the brandy."

"Better!" she declared.

Happy the preacher whose words take such instant effect!

Now it is cool night. The intense tropic heat of the day is over, the nerve-racking, dust-bearing wind is past, the air is pure, and there will be quieter sleep tonight.

There is much sickness in the city, consumption predominating. Week by week I visit a mother of six young children and a widow, failing with this disease. The charity hospital is so taxed for room that the consumptive cases are mixed up with the others in the wards. In the small houses the disease passes from one to another in the families, and no sanitary precautions are taken to prevent it, in most cases. The climate, the lack of ventilation at night in the homes, careless habits of the sick, are all favorable to the disease; and it is sometimes harrowing to see them sicken and die, with absolutely nothing to be done for them. Often I wish for a trained nurse as a missionary to work hand in hand with me, and help to right some of the unhygienic conditions.

In spite of the heat and sickness I am well, and think I never saw greater promise in our work. More new people are attending our services than I can at all keep up with, alone. This week I have given to visiting some of these new friends and all are interested and anxious to learn more.

My small home school, taught by Matilde, will close at the end of May. All the children are now members of the Sunday School.

In my next letter I want to tell you of some of our young girls and of their peculiar temptations, and how some are overcoming.

Yours sincerely,

May 15, 1908.

JANIE P. DUGAN.

### Corresponding Secretary's Column

I WISH it were possible for all my readers to look upon the scene which lies before me as viewed from my chamber window. In the distance lie the Big Horn Mountains, snow-capped, rising 10,000 feet above us. Although nearly forty miles away, they stand out clear and beautiful in the bright sunshine. About a half mile from us runs the Burlington Railroad, and the town of Lodge Grass with a dozen houses, mostly residences of government and railroad employees. At the entrance of the quarter section which comprises the property of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, on which is the Crow Indian Mission, is the schoolhouse, a neat, attractive building, which serves as a church also. A few feet from this is the parsonage, occupied by Rev. and Mrs. Petzoldt and their little daughter Genevieve. Our teacher, Miss Augusta Curtis, has a pleasant room in this house. Back of the house runs the Little Big Horn River. The soft, invigorating air of this mountain region gives added charm to the wonderful scenery. It is not because of the beauty of the landscape that I wish the ECHOES' subscribers were present with me. The Crows are having a camp meeting at this place. Many tents cover this section, and a large tent which will hold several hundred people is the Jesus House. Sunday morning, afternoon and evening services were held in the schoolhouse, as the day was cold and stormy. This afternoon, however, a large meeting was held in the tent, of an evangelistic type. The four principal chiefs, in their garments of deerskin, covered with beads, feathers and their war implements, sat in a front seat. They are not Jesus men. By their side, though not considered one of them, because he has put away his dance garments, sat White Arm in citizen's clothes. Pretty Shell and Pretty Beads were with the women, sitting on the floor of the tent. About two hundred men, women and children were present in the tent, besides the white people. Some of the men were smoking cigarettes. The women with their babies and the school children with their bright faces sat upon the floor. Dr. Hardy, Mr. Sallade and Mr. Petzoldt spoke to them. The Crow songs, composed by White Arm, although unintelligible to me, are said to have poetic merit.

It was an impressive scene, and it seemed impossible to reach the hearts of the wild men of this reservation. When one sees the changed lives of some of these Crows, he realizes that the grace of God is equal to even this miracle. We need many more workers and better equipment to make this work what it should be. A field matron is sorely needed, who can give her time entirely to visiting in the camps.

The people have many diseases caused by sin. They

suffer from maladies which a wise, experienced woman could relieve. The women need to be taught to cook and sew, and that can be done only as the schoolgirls are trained by wise leader. At present they have no accommodations for domestic work. Quite a sum of money has been secured for a new building—Chivers Hall. The means for completing that building should be supplied immediately. Twenty-one members of this little church are following the Jesus road. Mr. and Mrs. Petzoldt are admirably fitted for the work. We are letting them bear heavy loads which we should share. Upon Wednesday we go to Prior, about ninety miles north, for a camp meeting. Then back to the Crow Agency to visit the government school, the Custer battlefield, and other points of interest; then overland to Big Horn to hold a two-days' camp meeting. A great and wonderful opportunity lies before us among the Crow Indians. Let us not neglect this work or wait until too late. The Roman Catholics are sparing neither money nor men in this work. Their methods do not change the heart or the life. Let us win the Crows for Jesus.

MARY C. REYNOLDS.

LODGE GRASS, MONT., JUNE 1, 1908.

The readers of the ECHOES and many friends of our Corresponding Secretary will be interested to learn of the arrival in Pittsfield on May 16, 1908, of Marjory Lucile Hall, her granddaughter.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hall and to Grandma and Grandpa Reynolds, and many prayers will follow the little maid as she grows into childhood and womanhood.

The last case for Alaska, this year, has been forwarded. Thanks are due the many Circles who have been so generous in their response.

Due notice will be given when the next cases will be sent, and owing to the crowded condition at Headquarters, the Circles will aid the work by retaining their contribution until such announcement appears.

At Jackson College, Jackson, Miss., eleven new sleeping-rooms must be furnished before autumn. For these there will be needed sheets and pillow-cases (unbleached) and quilts, also cash contributions for the beds and furniture. Secondhand clothing that can be converted into cash will also be welcome. Information can be obtained from Mrs. L. G. Barrett, Oak Bluffs, Mass., until September 1. Boxes should be sent to L. G. Barrett, Jackson College, Jackson, Miss., via Savannah Steamship Co.



# The American Baptist Home Mission Society

## Editorial Notes

THINGS have been moving with wonderful rapidity in the Baptist denomination. As most of us believe they have been moving in the right direction, we have reason to be glad. If it be in place, this Editor desires to felicitate the Woman's Home Mission Societies upon their proposed and pending union. That this will make for the best interests of our Baptist women and for the greatest efficiency in the great work which all have at heart we sincerely believe. The closest possible cooperation in all our missionary efforts, with a constantly diminishing sense of divisions of the work, is the ideal for our missionary enterprises. There is a great work for the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society to do, and with the sweep of the whole country before them laboring in cooperation with our Home Mission Society, we know the women will fully occupy and cultivate their special field.

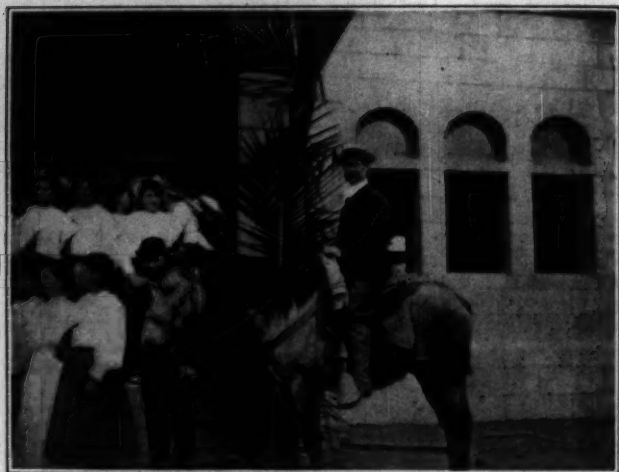
TWO incidents at Oklahoma created much enthusiasm. One was when the old blind chief, Left Hand, the Arapaho, who had been a fighter of the whites in years ago, met in the friendly embrace of Christian brotherhood our veteran Oklahoman missionary, Elder Tyson, who, forty-four years ago, had fought, as a United States soldier, against the very Indian force Chief Left Hand was leading. As Elder Tyson told of the circumstances, and how through the grace of God both of them had found Jesus and were now fighting on the same side as brothers, the two men hugged each other, while the audience cheered and cried. It was a dramatic moment in the great Convention.

THE denominational sense of solidarity certainly manifested itself at Oklahoma City. There we found ourselves, a rigidly delegated body, carrying on a Convention as though we had always been in the habit of doing it. The questions of interest were discussed from the floor, and there was never a dearth of debaters. The beauty of it was that any and every delegate had a right to the floor and to be heard, and that means the true Baptist democracy. The result of it was that the delegates were interested, felt obligation resting upon them, and were in their places day after day. Best of all, while there were differences of opinion, as there are bound to be where men think for themselves, yet the discussions were conducted in the Christian spirit, and when they were over the conclusion reached was in most cases unanimous. The spirit of brotherhood and unity and sympathy grew from first to last, and was delightful. This meant everything for the future of the denomination and of missions. The Northern Baptist Convention was not only permanently organized, but it proceeded to put itself

immediately under the financial burdens of the great Societies and enter upon a joint campaign to clear off the accumulated debts, amounting all told to nearly \$300,000, besides asking the churches to maintain the work on the present basis instead of cutting it down. There are splendid possibilities before the Baptists through the new consciousness of brotherhood. Now let us see to it that every pastor and every church be aroused to the real needs of the hour, the vast opportunities at home and abroad, the true nature of the demands made upon each individual disciple by the Master.

THE second incident was when Secretary Mabie, with his big heart and common sympathies, met a suggestion that the debt of the Missionary Union be paid with pledges on the spot by a declaration that any movement that looked toward paying debts must pay them all, and not the debts of the Union alone. This called out Dr. Morehouse, who told how the great Societies stood together in the movement some years ago that cleared up the heavy indebtedness, and how their officers had worked in love and fellowship. As Dr. Morehouse paid his generous tribute to the Missionary Union Secretary who is beloved of all, Dr. Mabie stepped forward and threw his arm around Dr. Morehouse's neck. This drew the tremendous applause of the great audience, which realized something of the indebtedness of our denomination to these two leaders, both unselfishly consecrated to their work. It was good to see the fellowship of those days, and the genuineness of the brotherhood gave a thrill to many a delegate not in the habit of thrilling at the annual gatherings.

FORTY-FOUR Mormon missionaries recently sailed from Boston for various countries of Europe, where they are to make converts to Mormonism, with its false and delusive system. They go at their own charges, but it is well known that they have to go, whether they want to or not. The Mormon system has its clutch upon them, and there are no free agents in Mormondom outside of the charmed circle of the apostles. At the same time the going out of this company leads to reflection as to the number of missionaries we are maintaining among the Mormons, and the number going out through the Missionary Union this year to foreign lands. Unless we are as zealous and wide-awake and persistent as the Mormons, we cannot hope to eliminate their influence and save victims from their false teachers. There is a large field in Utah as yet unoccupied by our missionaries. It is incumbent upon us to evangelize the Mormons more rapidly than they can Mormonize foreigners, unless we wish to see the Mormon hierarchy dominate the great States that may control the balance of political power. Mormonism is still a menace to liberty.



### Eastern Cuba Association

By REV. A. B. HOWELL

*Missionary at Guantanamo*

THE fourth annual session of the Eastern Cuba Baptist Association met with the church in Songo, April 23-25. Twenty-six churches were represented. A deep spiritual feeling characterized all the sessions, which awakened a desire in all the workers for a fuller consecration this coming year. On the evening of the 24th an after-meeting was held by the men, which lasted until after eleven o'clock.

Deep regret was expressed by the Association on account of the sickness of our superintendent, Dr. Moseley, and many prayers are being offered for his complete recovery.

A vote of thanks was given to the Home Mission Society for the great work it is doing in Eastern Cuba, and also to the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society for the work being done by its teachers in our mission schools.

Twenty-four churches sent in reports, and in these churches there have been 134 baptisms this year, the largest number, 22, being reported by the church at Tunas.

The report of the associational treasurer shows a steady growth of the churches towards self-support. This year \$816.63 was collected for this purpose, and of this amount \$100 has been sent to the Baptist Home Mission Society as a contribution from this Association. The churches

reporting show that \$1,775.85 has been collected for all purposes during the year.

The Association expressed its confidence in the work done by the schools at El Cristo, and looks forward to the time when those who shall come from these schools will be a power for the evangelization of Eastern Cuba.

WHAT of the year upon which we have entered? Hard and steady work on the field, and hard and steady work among the churches which must furnish the money to keep the wheels moving. The enthusiasm of the great Convention must be imparted to members who were not present at the meetings and missed the personal touch. Pastors must realize the fact that a new and brighter day has dawned. The putting out of a single missionary budget that shall comprise the amounts to be raised for the General Societies, according to the decision of the Northern Baptist Convention, will make it a pleasure for many to readjust their program to the new order. The ideal is for the churches to put the total missionary budget into the current expense account, and place the total before the members, seeking to enlist each one for some regular weekly contribution. It will take a long time to reach the ideal, but there is reason for profound gratitude that a start has been made toward it by many churches. When our churches get to doing the Lord's business on sound business principles there will be more churches and more people in the churches. Let us go at the missionary enterprise this year as though it meant something and we meant something too.

### "What She Could"

By MRS. L. E. TROYER

A SHORT time ago there died in the city of Rochester, N.Y., the beautiful Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hofmeister. She was an earnest, zealous, active Christian, dearly beloved by the whole church. During the three years of my husband's pastorate in that city we ever counted with certainty on her aid. The quiet influence of her life could be felt on every hand, and that influence, though she has passed away, is still telling for the cause of the Master.

It was her wish during her last illness that even her clothes after her death might have some place in the service of the Lord. So the parents planned to send them to the girls' mission school in Coamo, Porto Rico. The missionary's heart was touched in that a beautiful raincoat had been designated for her, something she had long needed.

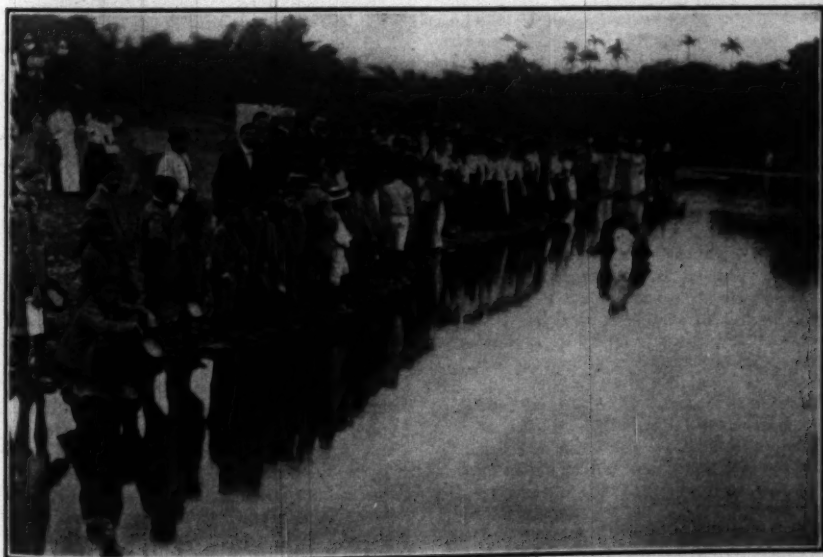
She at once fell to musing over the "Lady of the Decoration" and how it could ever be that she had failed to see the reason that the missionary was not always dressed in the latest fashion. Was she blind to all about her? Had she not seen at the door the mother with the sick babe, who needed other and more timely aid than a "skipping exercise," or the poor blind man, hungry and tired, or the urgent call to aid the sick mem-

ber with the large family of little ones, or the little nude bodies on every side, or the countless needs of the countless souls, who have nowhere to turn but to the missionary, who, should he be induced to recount all these experiences as glibly as she tells of her adventures with the delightful seamen, the world might know why the missionary sometimes is out of date (as to clothes)?

"A truly great soul, surrounded by needy fellow creatures, early learns to be content with the adorning of the hidden man of the heart which in the sight of God is of great price (1 Peter iii, 3 and 4), and leaves the putting on of apparel to such as the "decorated lady." But I am digressing.

The church, inspired by the thoughtfulness of the beautiful Louise, has secured a \$25 scholarship to be used in aiding one of our many needy girls to remain in school a year. A scholarship does not mean the turning over of the money to the girl, but enables us to give her the place of an assistant to the younger girls, where by much patience and hard work she earns well her scholarship.

This giving the girls an opportunity to work — for all do fancy-work, for which they receive a reasonable wage — is creating a spirit of self-reliance, and doing more than we can think to fit them for the battle of life. For in Porto Rico the woman is often the chief bread-winner for her little flock and always needs to help, so great is the poverty. People tell us there is no more pleasing



BAPTISMAL SCENE DURING DEDICATION OF SCHOOL AT CRISTO, CUBA

sight in all the island than our school of bright girls, busy with all manner of needlework. Each girl spends half the day in the sewingroom and the other half is dedicated to study.

Is it not a joy to have a part in such a work; and, like Louise, let your influence go on after death in the cause of the Master? "She hath done what she could," and not till the last day can we measure the influence of her last kind thought.

### Evangelizing the Foreigners

By G. R. ROBBINS, D.D.

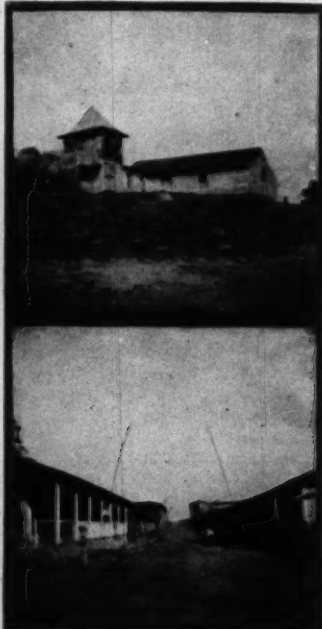
THE foreigners are crowding around almost every church in the land. How shall they be brought to Christ and into the church? Let me speak somewhat authoritatively. Negatively, first, not by inviting them into old storerooms and little mission buildings. They have been accustomed from childhood to great church edifices, grand cathedrals, mighty organs, impressive services largely attended, profound reverence for everything without and within and connected with the worship of Almighty God. Coming to our country, as they pass and re-pass the unimposing chapels they are unimpressed, and if they enter these mission buildings and there are whisperings and running around the aisles and a woful lack of solemn reverence, the overwhelming probability is they cannot again be induced to attend divine services there. It is shocking to their sensibilities, abhorrent to ideas of religious propriety.

Second, they cannot be reached to any degree of success by unsophisticated, undignified, superficial callers, be they girls, women or men. They are not ignoramuses, are not pupils for kindergarten departments, are not interested in talk about their environments, their manners and customs. They do not admire special attention to their children unless religious instruction is imparted.

What then? First, let the minister, the more dignified and well dressed the better, call upon these foreigners in their homes, or the church officer whose personality is most striking and who possesses the largest amount of sanctified common sense, or the most cultivated and devout woman, do the calling, and let their conversation from start to finish be without assumed airs, without timidity, sober, strictly religious, about the church and its glorious services, the Christ and His Cross.

Second, let the foreigners be invited to the church and their duty to attend be enforced with all the force and gentleness of an exhortation given by Saint Paul. And when they come to the house of God they will not expect officers or members of the church to run after them, or shake hands with them, or even speak with them, for they have not been accustomed to this; but let them be seated together, asked to sing in their own language; and mark my words, if this is done congregations will be increased, greater reverence inculcated and practised, more money brought into the treasury, benevolent offerings enlarged, the kingdom of heaven advanced. Never mind

their settlements, their food, their dress, their cleanliness or lack of cleanliness, their huddling together in colonies or houses. Preach to them Jesus and the resurrection; lead them to the Saviour, bring them into the church, set them to work in saving their households and neighborhoods, and all these other things will take care of themselves. Evangelize them and we Americanize them. Let us see we first to the evangelizing.



OLD  
ROMAN  
CATHOLIC  
CHURCH  
IN  
SONGO, CUBA

STREET  
IN  
SONGO, CUBA

### Protected But Not a Citizen

THEY are residents in Porto Rico and citizens of no country. Nor can they become citizens of any other country unless they shall first be recognized as American citizens. The matter is largely one of sentiment, no doubt, but sentiment is not altogether unimportant even in a practical world. The people of the island resent the position into which they are forced, and it is to their credit that they feel and show dissatisfaction. An illiterate Italian track hand, an ignorant Slav in a Pennsylvania coal mine, a French cook or a Mexican peon may become an American citizen, but a "citizen of Porto Rico" cannot, whether he be a planter of education, culture and wealth, or a poor and ignorant day laborer. It is not merely that we do not make these people citizens by some general act, it is that under the law they cannot even become citizens by naturalization.

— From the New York Sun.



## The Divine Message

THE baccalaureate sermon preached by Dr. S. N. Vass before ninety-three graduates of Shaw University at Raleigh, N.C., May 3, presented clearly the need of a more intelligent conception of religion on the part of the negroes at large. We quote the following passages, which gain added force from the fact that Dr. Vass is a negro and speaking therefore to his own people. His text was Jere. 29:5-7, and he took the prophet's words as applicable to the present-day conditions:

"The fact is that any change for the better in our condition is impossible from any interpretation of the Constitution or decision by our courts. The Constitution itself is powerless unless it is backed up by public sentiment, and our only hope for redress is in the changing of public sentiment toward us. . . . The most helpful effort that we can make for our people is to create a favorable sentiment toward us in this entire country, for it is nothing less than amazing to know in what repute we are almost universally held over this broad land. . . . With all their misunderstandings on other matters, our only way to impress the country favorably today is to first gain the esteem and confidence of the dominant race in the South, or wherever we happen to live. . . . I do not think that we should sit supinely down and see the last vestige of manhood taken from us without manly protest, but at the same time the matter will end with the filing of the protest, until sentiment changes in our favor. The true policy of our people will be to carry no matter further than we can secure the good-will and support of the best element of the dominant race.

"If we would center our investigation upon ourselves, and strengthen our weak places, and lay broad and deep foundations, the future is safe. We are charged with being an indolent and shiftless people, wholly unprepared to conform to American standards of merit and excellence. We stand thus indicted before the American people, and they will not accept any answer that comes to them in mere words, but demand that we shall refute this indictment by constructively proving our right to better treatment. . . . We are powerless to control the giant agencies at work against us, but it is in the power of each one of us to control himself, and in this way control our entire race. . . . Living in the midst of such stirring times, when we expect to read each day almost anything bad about ourselves, often grossly unjust, it is only to be expected that we will become exasperated beyond control, and that our feelings will often get the best of our good sense. But all of those manly virtues which people have usually had to develop before securing their highest rights must be cultivated by us in these times, which, after all, are going to prove the test of our real worth.

"When we can and will honestly pray for the blessings of God upon our great government, we are then putting ourselves in an attitude of praiseful appreciation and

gratitude for all the blessings that have come to us under the American flag, for an ungrateful people will not be a patriotic people. If we had as a people shown a more sincere appreciation of the rights bestowed upon us, we should doubtless have so used the ballot as to have kept ourselves free from the suspicion of bribery, and when we reach the point of discovering and appreciating the high privileges of franchise the way will open up to us to use this right for the highest good of all the people.

"Before we can become possessed of the great virtues that make races and nations secure, let us start at the foundation as is here suggested, and let us begin with the home, and let us learn the trades and construct our own houses, and move from other people's property into our own, and let us be honorable husbands and wives, bringing up healthy, moral children, free from disease and crime, and let our love for this home be second only to our love for our common native land, and then let any sort of problem present itself to this home-loving and patriotic people, and if it prove too difficult for immediate and complete solution, these home-loving and patriotic black men and white men will compromise their differences for the present, both fully trusting each other and this great nation to reach a solution that will be in accordance with the principles of human rights. Nations move slowly and we must settle down to wait until it is time to handle this race situation, but while we are waiting we should be improving the opportunity to better our general condition."

There are loyal hearts and spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best shall come back to you.  
Give love, and love to your heart will flow —  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

— M. S. Bridges.

## "Peppercorns"

*Concluded from page 5*

dug around, stirred up; and when the Master comes walking in the garden, in the cool of the day, he will give his blessing to the trees and bid them be fruitful."

"Build a lodge in the garden of cucumbers, and set a watcher there, lest the little foxes spoil the vines, or enemies sow tares with your wheat, or robbers steal from you. The little foxes of poorly prepared programs; taking part in the program in low, unintelligible voices; or taking ten minutes when five was assigned to you. A terribly bad fox is a poor, half-hearted, incompetent collector.

"Watch out!"

## Our Little Folks



### The Missionary Wheelbarrow

"**W**HO ever heard of a missionary wheelbarrow? There are gospel wagons, gospel-cars, 'go' carts, 'push' carts, etc., but who ever heard of a missionary wheelbarrow?" That's what Uncle Tom said as he rallied Philip on his assertion that his wheelbarrow was a "missionary wheelbarrow."

Philip was not to be daunted, however, for, as he emphatically declared, "his Anna had said so, and *she* knew." In the eyes and ears and mind of Philip, "Anna" was the ultimatum of knowledge and wisdom, and — well, everything that goes to make up the good big world.

Philip was two and a-half years in age, but how old was he in wisdom? It would be difficult to answer that question with assurance that you were within any sort of range of the truth. But how did the wheelbarrow happen to be a missionary vehicle?

For some weeks before Christmas it had been one of Philip's cherished dreams to become the happy owner of a "whee-barr," and his grandmother, who loved him dearly, and indulged him proportionately, had arranged with the powers that be, for Philip to have that dream realized. So on Christmas morning when he came downstairs, the first object to greet his eyes was the "whee-barr," which sight called forth the exclamation, "Santa Claus did bring the 'whee-barr,' didn't he?"

He had now been in possession of his coveted treasure some time, and he had surely tried to use it for the good of mankind in general and womankind in particular. When the summer days began to come, he and the "whee-

barr" were to be seen every day in the yard, and they were always busy. Were the clothes being hung on the line? Philip was there with the "whee-barr," to carry the clothes-pins. When the lawn was mowed he could carry the grass away in his "whee-barr," and he just loved to pull the dandelion stalks and take them away also.

Philip had large responsibilities in the world, too, having the care of a family consisting of "Butter," a large rag doll; Virgie, a much beloved representative of the African race; Tommy Atkins, a sailor lad; Sport, a nondescript canine, and a brown Teddy and a white Teddy. These all had need of a daily outing, and the "whee-barr" became the family carryall, in which the "whole fam'y" could easily have a ride, provided they were properly bestowed at the start. Sometimes poor Virgie was seen to ride with only one leg in the barrow, but some one else considerably sat on that, so she was held in. "Butter" often was very uncomfortable, I am sure, for his joints were not exactly supple, and he did not sit as easily as some do, so he frequently rode in horizontal position, across the top; but they never murmured, accepting their lot as a good family should.

One day grandpa, who always was forehanded, decided that in these warm summer days was a good time to prepare for winter's cold, so he ordered a load of wood, and the sawing machine came, and sawed and split the same, and left it in a great pile in the back yard. When it had dried, and grandpa began to put it in, Philip appeared with his wheelbarrow, in which he had carefully put some paper for its protection. Faithfully and vigorously he worked, transporting the wood, one stick at a time, from the pile to the cellar window. Sometimes the sturdy little legs seemed a bit weary, but he kept persistently on, until the last stick had been put in, then, with a sigh of satisfaction as great as grandpa himself could have felt, he said proudly, "Guess that'll do for today!"

After that not a chip or stick of any kind was allowed to remain on the lawn or grounds. Philip at once had it in his "whee-barr," and it was spirited away, somewhere.

One thing he never did was to put dirt in his sacred barrow. He was willing to help with it, but not to carry dirt, and after "Anna" told him it was a missionary wheelbarrow, he seemed more than ever careful to keep it clean and good, and "Anna" made a little "preachment" about that. She told Philip that was the way Jesus wanted us to be, helpful to every one, but to keep our lives clean and pure.

But the greatest way in which the wheelbarrow acted as a missionary was to Philip himself, after all. Now, in common with other little boys, he had an overweening desire to go outside the gate which was the boundary of his world, and beyond which he was not allowed, except when accompanied by some older person. He looked at that fence and gate and, with the spirit of discovery strong within him, longed to know what lay beyond.

One day he ventured out and was starting serenely to find "Anna," who was away just then in a distant city.

He was captured and brought back, and, as is so often the case, made more of a prisoner than before. But the spirit of a real Columbus burned in his small breast, and again and again he tried the far journey, each time to be brought back and punished.

And here is where the wheelbarrow became the hero of this story. His beloved wheelbarrow must be kept clean, and on the clean white walks and green grass around the house this was possible, but outside, in the dirty, and often muddy, street, what might befall it? Philip thought this over seriously, and, not without tears, decided that he preferred the narrow world *and* his wheelbarrow to the broader country *without* it, and Anna had to make another preachment there too. She told the story of two big grown-up boys, and how one of them got tired of the small yard, and went outside in the big world and was so unhappy that after a while he came and begged to be allowed to come back, and be kept in a very, very small yard indeed. Philip didn't quite understand all of this preachment, but he believed it was all right because "his Anna said so."

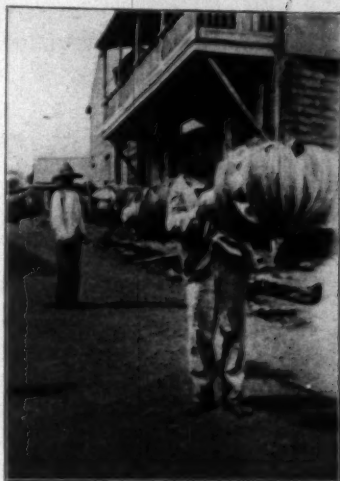
Stories used to end, "he lived happy ever after," but as this is a true story, we must say he is trying to give the missionary wheelbarrow a chance to help him even more, and he will some day, I am sure, be glad that his missionary training was begun so early.

Some one remarked on the wonderful memory Philip has, one day, and said he ought to be trained for a minister. Philip did not see the relation between the two, but he tells his friends he is going to be a "minster" when he grows up. Perhaps, better still, he may be a missionary.

If you want to know Philip better, the editor can give you his address, for she knows him very well, and she knows "his Anna," too.



GOING TO SCHOOL IN PORTO RICO



HAT VENDER, BARROS, PORTO RICO

### Inquiry

Tell me, mamma, beyond the sky,  
Is that the home of those who die?  
Tell me, mamma, I wish you would,  
Will we go there if we are good?

Tell me, mamma, did grandma go  
To that bright land some year ago?  
And is she happy 'way up there,  
And free from pain and tears and care?

Tell me, mamma, is that bright star  
The place where all the angels are?  
And are those clouds as light as foam,  
'Way up near grandma's happy home?

Tell me, mamma, does the cool rain,  
Which quickly falls to earth again,  
Come down from God's bright crystal sea,  
Tell me, mamma, oh, can it be?

Tell me, mamma, is it God's moon  
Which makes the night seem like the noon?  
Is all in heaven as clear and bright  
As stars and moon which shine at night?

Tell me, mamma, I want to know  
(For grandma told me long ago),  
If we are pure and kind and sweet,  
In heaven above shall we all meet?

• BECKETT, MASS.

J. C. Ballou